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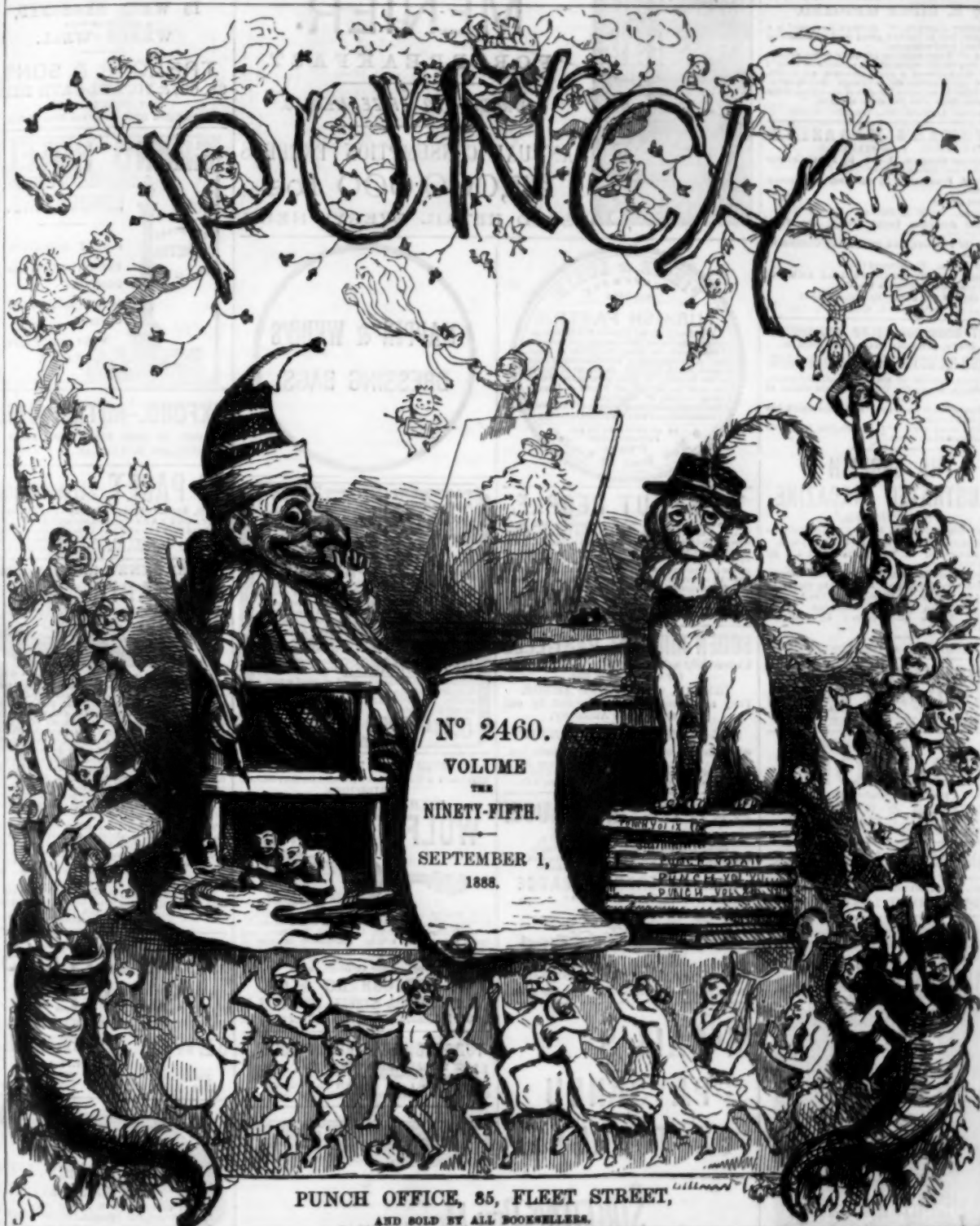
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VOCES POPULI.

A SHOW PLACE.

SCENE—A Ducal Castle. Party of Tourists discovered waiting in the Entrance Hall. Enter the Head Butler, an imposing person with sandy hair and pale blue prominent eyes.

The H. B. (with condescension). If you'll 'ave the goodness to wait a little, I shall be able to go round with you myself.

[Departs with mysterious solemnity, leaving the Party overwhelmed.]

A Matron (who yields to none in reverence for the aristocracy—to her daughters). Doesn't everything look stately, dears? I wonder where they keep all the hats and umbrellas.

A Wife (to her Husband). Now, for goodness' sake, CHARLES, don't try to be funny here—remember where you are!

[The Party converse in whispers; a Tourist in a Flannel Shirt taps a man in armour familiarly on the stomach, causing him to emit a hollow ring. The rest look at him reproachfully. He returns their gaze with defiance, but edges away from the armed figure as the Butler returns.]

The H. B. Now please, if you'll follow me, and keep together. (Tourists straggle after him, each in deadly fear of catching his eye; the Man in the Flannel Shirt hums the "Marseillaise" under his breath.) The Banqueting Hall. The Fam'ly takes all their meals 'ere when at Blaisengs. (Party repeat this to one another in hushed voices.) The tapestry along the walls is Gobbling.

Charles (frivolously). Ha, very bad example for the family!

The H. B. Did you speak, Sir?

Charles (turning red in the face). Only to my wife.

Tourist (with a turn for Architecture and a desire to air his information). Er—this portion of the building is—ah—Early Decorated, is it not?

The H. B. (severely). No, Sir. Decorated quite lately, by a London Firm.

[The Architectural Tourist falls to the rear; the others conceive a poor opinion of him.]

A Tourist (nerving himself to ask a question). Will there be many dining here this evening?

The H. B. (with a lofty candour). Well, no—we 'aven't many staying with us at present. I should say we shouldn't set down more than twenty or so to-night—or thirty, at most.

A Tourist with a Twang. Air your Company a Stag-party?

The H. B. (pityingly). There's no deer-forests in this part of the country.

The Tourist with a Twang (clapping him on the shoulder and laughing). I see you don't understand our National Colloquialisms.

The H. B. I don't understand any Colloquialisms bein' took with Me. (He moves away with dignity.) This (opening door) is the Hamber Doring Room.

[A door on the opposite side is seen to shut precipitately as the Party enter.]

The Reverential Matron, GWENDOLEN—come over here a minute. (Whispers.) She was sitting in this very chair—do you see? I wonder if it could have been the Duchess! There's the mark left in her book—if I only dared. (Reading title.) The Mystery of a Bathing Machine. We'll get it at the bookstall as we go back.

The H. B. (coming to a stand and fixing his eye on a Nervous Tourist, who opens his mouth feebly). The pair of Vawses on the Consols was brought over by the Grandfather of the present Duke of Ammercloth, and are valued at hover five thousand pounds apiece. We 'ave been hofferred nine thousand five 'undred for the pair—and refused.

[The Man in the Flannel Shirt groans "Ow long?" to himself in bitter indignation at the unequal distribution of wealth.]

The Nervous Tourist. Did you, though?

[Regards the H. B. with intense admiration for his judgment and resolution.]

A Comic Tourist. I wish someone 'ud offer me nine thousand pounds for the vawses on my mantelpiece. I wouldn't 'aggle over it.

The H. B. (ignoring him). The picture in the panel above the chimney-piece is a paregoric subject representing "Apoller, Merery, and the Fine Arts complimenting the first Duke of Ammercloth on the completion of the new Private Chapel. By 'OGARTH. In the corner. Old woman heatin' a nerring. By Torchlight.

A Tourist (who thinks it is time he made a remark). Let me see—wasn't he one of the Dutch School? Tautschlyt. Torschlyt. I seem to know the name.

The H. B. (tolerantly). No, no, Sir—you didn't foller what I said. It wasn't the name of the artis—it's what the old woman is heatin' the 'erring by, in a cellar. The cellar and the 'erring is considered masterpieces.

A Young Lady. What a very curious method of cooking fish, isn't it?

[The Party move on.]

H. B. This is His Grace's own Study. His Grace sees his tenants at that table.

[General interest in the table, except on part of the Man in the Flannel Shirt, who suppresses a snort.]

Charles's Wife. Fancy, CHARLES—the Duke uses "J" pens!

Charles. Not even gilded! This is a severe blow, CAROLINE!

[Pretends to be overcome.]

His Wife. If you go on in this foolish manner, I will not be seen talking to you.

The Reverential Matron (in a whisper). ERMYNTRUDE, see if you can manage to pick up a nib when no one's looking—there are plenty lying about.

A Tourist (anxious to propitiate the Butler). An excellent landlord, the Duke, I believe?

The H. B. (coldly). We 'ave not 'eard of any complaints on the estate. (Leads the way to the Gallery.) The Hoak Gallery—formerly the Harmry. When we 'ave a large 'ouse party, they sometimes comes up 'ere after dinner, and 'as games.

[Expressions of pleased surprise—always excepting the Man in the Flannel Shirt, who mutters something about "dancing on volcanoes."]

A Tourist (with a thirst for information). What sort of games?

The H. B. (with dignity). That I can't tell you precisely, bein' no part of my dooties to participate. (Halting before a picture.) Portrait of 'EMERY HALGERSON, Second Marquis of SEASPRINGS, beyended on Tower 'ill by Sir PETER LELY.

Charles the Incurable. Do you mean that Sir PETER took his head off?

The H. B. (solemnly). He took his Lordship off full length, Sir, as you can see by looking. (To the Reverential Matron, whose demeanour has not escaped him.) If you like to stop be'ind, and let the rest go on a bit, I can show you something that's not generally open to the Public. (Mysteriously.) It's the room where all his Grace's boots are kep'. He has over a hundred pair of them.

[The Matron rejoins the rest in a state of solemn ecstasy, and can hardly refrain from betraying how highly she has been privileged. The Party return to the Hall.]

A Tourist (a diligent student of the Society paragraphs in a Sunday paper—to Butler). Is Lady FLORILINE at home just now?

The H. B. Her Ladyship is away visiting at present, Sir. Expected back Saturday week, Sir.

The Society T. (as if he felt this as a personal disappointment). Not till Saturday week?—really!—ah! (The rest regard him with increased respect, and listen attentively.) I suppose it's quite true that the match with Lord GEORGE GINGHAM is broken off. Going to marry Lady SUMAN SUNSHADE, isn't he? I was very sorry when I heard of it (feelingly).

The H. B. Was you hintimate with 'is Lordship, Sir?

The S. T. (with a modest reserve). Oh, I've stayed with him, you know, and that sort of thing.

[He has—at a Swiss Hotel, when Lord GEORGE took him for a Tout,—but what of that?]

The H. B. Then I should certingly recommend you to inquire of Lord GEORGE in pussion, Sir. That's his Lordship coming up the terrace now.

[The S. T. collapses utterly.]

Ermyntrude (coming up to her Mother). Oh, Mamma, what do you think? We looked in at a window as we passed, and we saw them all having afternoon tea. And the Duchess was actually eating buttered toast. She didn't see us for ever so long—we had such a good view!

[Scene closes in upon the majority of the Party, anxiously discussing in undertones the propriety or otherwise of offering any, and what, see to the Butler, who stands apart in a brown study, with a distinct effort to mitigate the severity of his expression. As far as the Man in the Flannel Shirt is concerned, the problem "solvitur ambulando."]

UP AGAIN!



Madame La République loquûr :—

Mon Dieu! He's up again, though with much splutter.

It seemed that his submergence was so utter!

But to the surface struggles he once more.

Pouf-f-f! No, I cannot say that he looks dignified:

But by his frog-like sprawl one thing is signified,—

That "*P'tit bonhomme*—BOULANGER—*est encore!*"

There seemed an end to his thrasonic clowning.

But it appears that he is proof 'gainst drowning,

Like—well, to specify were too invidious.

Pinked by the "*Usher*," plunged into the flood

Of Ridicule that's like a bath of mud.

Here he is once again, alive though hideous!

Que faire? I feel that I should relish greatly

To "*bonnet*" him as I did *PLON-PLON* lately.

Twould simplify my task if he would sink;

But one can't drown a cork that just bobs under
And then pops up. What will France say, I wonder?

And what, I wonder more, will BISMARCK think?

What is he? What's his aim? Which is his Party?

Is he a sort of Brummagem BUONAPARTE?

A squeezable and clayey mask of CÆSAR?

Who pulls the wires of this pert popinjay?

Am I indeed to be upset one day

By this preposterous, spray-spluttering sneezer?

I feel he is *my* foe. A foe *pour rire*?

Or one *fon furieux* more whom I've to fear?

Our geese betray the Capitol, not save.

My fools are my undoing. Despot sane

Were better than a CLEON cracked and vain.

So you, my master, "*popping up again,*"

Spluttering, but with his head above the wave?



DIAGNOSIS.

Cabman (insolently, on receiving his right fare). "WHA'S THIS ERE FOR!"

Fare (promptly). "WELL, I SHOULD SAY 'FOR DRINK,'—IF YOU ASK ME,—BY THE LOOK OF YOU!"

COLWELL-HATCHNEY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Contributed by a Sufferer from the Music of the Present and the Future, at present residing at the Colwell-Hatchney Musical Academy.)

To commence at common time, four in a bar. There will be sixteen in the American bar.

Opening Chorus accompanied by the

LIGHTEST GUITAR IN THE MUSICAL WORLD, weighing only two pounds ten. The Second Part of the Festival will be in harmony with the First, and taken at the same time.

Conductor, Mr. SAMMY TONE.

(By kind permission of the London General Omnibus Company.)

At the word of command, "Full inside! All right!" the

Concert will go on with

"I know a Bank." . . . LOTHBURY, E.C.

After which an instructive Lecture on

TAKING DOWN SWELL SHUTTERS,

and opening the Shop for the day, will be given by

The Leading Assistant Boy

in the establishment of Messrs. NARROWOOD & Co. (successors to BROADWOOD).

Duet in Scale Armour by Little FRESH HEGNER and B. OFFMAN—

"Oh, would I were a Fish!"

To be followed by a Squintette entitled, "Eyes right! So you are!"

After which there will be

ATHLETIC MUSICAL EXERCISES,

Including *Sliding Scales on the Zither* by Unknown Members of the Accidental Club. N.B.—A Surgeon with musical instruments in attendance. No danger.

RUNNING UP-AND-DOWN-THE-PIANO RACE.

Five-Year-Olds only entered

after weighing in the Chromatic Scale.

FLAT RACE over two Grand Pianos. To be won hand over hand.

CHORUS—"Fingers were made before Tuning-Forks."

After which a Practical Lecture on "How to Score a Treble for the Orchestra," by Signor RUBBERINI, assisted by Three Dummies.

Swimming Contest from C. to. C. in *puris naturalibus*.

AIR—"See me Dance the Poker," composed about the time of ALFRED the Grate. After which

THE GRAND MUSICAL TOURNAMENT—THE PITCH BATTLE.

By the entire strength of the Company, with Pitch-forks.

To be followed by the Hailstone Chorus, with real Hailstones, and a Grand finale of

ORGANIC REMAINS.

The Chair will be taken by the first person present, singular number, and the Vice will be represented by A VIRTUOSO.

Admission by Playing Cards only. When in doubt play Penny Trump. No False Notes changed.

Tea and Shrimps will be served (if the Shrimps like it) in the Antea Room.

Overtures will be made to everybody inclined to assist in the charitable object. There will be a collection of umbrellas and walking-sticks at the doors, which will be given to the Universal Lemon Aid Society. Hon. Sec., Mr. SQUASH. Address, Monday Ginger-Pop Concerts.

After the Concert the entire Chorus, Principals of all the Academies, and the Audience will join in the Irrational Anthem from

HANWELL'S ORATORIO.

After which a March Past, three shies a penny, SARAH BARTY, fireworks (which may be procured at the doors by those who have neglected to bring them in their pockets), grand free distribution of everybody's umbrellas, and procession round the ruins. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Pop goes the Weasel! (Signed) BY ANYONE.

N.B.—Order not admitted after the first row.

"THE RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC" (contributed by Master Tommy, at home for the holidays).—Why, the American, to be sure!



THE LAWS OF HEREDITY ILLUSTRATED.

Grigson (who has tripped up his friend Professor Grumpson's campstool just as the latter was sitting down on it). "Hi! DON'T! IT'S NO GOOD CUTTING UP ROUGH, YOU KNOW—I INHERITED A TENDENCY TO PRACTICAL JOKING, AND CAN'T HELP IT—YOU SAID SO YOURSELF!!!!"

Grumpson. "QUITE SO, MY DEAR FELLOW; YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME A BIT! BUT I'VE INHERITED A TENDENCY TO KICK PRACTICAL JOKERS, AND CAN'T HELP IT EITHER." [Kicks him.

MASTER TOMMY'S DOMESTIC MANŒUVRES.

Suggested by some Recent Make-believe Naval Experiments.

How to Make them Fancy the House is on Fire.—Having prepared two of the top-floor chimneys, by stuffing them with the contents of several feather pillows steeped in petroleum, light these, and proceed quickly to the coal-cellar, where, kindling a large bonfire of newspapers, old school-books, kitchen chairs, and door-mats, rush up the stairs, crying "Fire!" at the top of your voice, and raise the alarm. The house being by this time full of blinding smoke, shout to the butler to open the back windows, and pump freely into the rooms with the garden-engine. This will increase the consternation, but you will have to provide for the excitement of the crowd that will have by this time collected in front of the house. To do this, rush to a window on the second floor, and, flinging it wildly open, tear bed-curtains and sheets into lengths rapidly, and join them together for an escape-rope. Now, having secured the page-boy, and threatened him with a thrashing if he makes any resistance, let him down by this into the area. To give more effect to this, do it with jerks. This will have so impressed the crowd that they will have already summoned the Parish engines, that will now be playing vigorously on the front of the house, and drenching it from top to bottom. The origin of the "Alarm" having by this time been discovered, you will probably be called on for an explanation, whereupon, pointing to the fact, from experience, how well they would have been prepared to meet it, if there had been a real fire, you express your complete satisfaction at the result, and frankly intimating that you now consider the incident closed, refuse to enter into any further conversation on the matter.

An Impromptu Little Dinner.—This experiment may be best tried at the house of an invalid uncle and aunt, who are noted for their hospitality, and pride themselves on the excellence of their cuisine, the object being to show how, with scarcely any preparation, a very satisfactory dinner may be provided on the spur of the moment for a decent number of perfectly unexpected guests. Getting hold of your aunt and uncle's visiting-list, proceed to ask four-and-twenty

SONG BY A SMALL SHOPKEEPER.

In my business as lies in a subub,
Wen there proves weights and measures untrue,
The least mixture in groceries, grub, bub,
Other articles ever so few;
Wot a row, and a 'owl, and a 'ubub!
And I'm fined if 'ad up for the "do."

A wrong label the same, on conviction,
In shop-front if exposed to the sight,
Though there mayn't be no 'arm in the fiction,
Or if any, no matter 'ow slight;
So sewere is the legal restriction
Upon deals as isn't all right.

O, 'ow 'enious, a sample to tender
To the test wot ain't quite true and trim!
A poor tradesman 's a petty offender,
And the Lawr will be down upon 'im.
Now the rule is, "Look out let the vender,"
Clear of fraud 'e must carefully skim.

But Contractors of wealth and 'igh station,
See wot charges is laid to their doers,
Of all manner of falsification,
Shams, and swindles in Government stores,
Guns and weapons of war for the Nation;
Wot yer calls the defence of our shores!

Them as 'olds a superior position,
Imposition can practise scot-free,
For a rogue of exalted condition
There's one lawr, and another for me.
Nothink wus than a Special Commission
To report upon duffers like 'e.

Then the 'ole blame the "systim" is laid on,
Never no one let in for a fine,
As inflicted small cheaters in trade on.
Jerry Diddlers tiptop may combine,
No detection in diddlin' afraid on.
Oh! 'ow blessed their potion to mine!

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE CYCLISTS.—Tri before you Bi.

MEN OF RANK AND STATION.—Railway Cabmen.

of their friends to dinner at a short-date, taking care to tell them there is "no need to reply to the invitation." The day at length arriving, and the guests beginning to assemble, hurry out and order in twenty-four bloaters, the same number of mutton-chops, and two dozen of stout respectively from the fishmonger's, butcher's, and the public-house in the immediate neighbourhood. The dinner is now provided. After some awkward pauses in the conversation, your uncle and aunt still being unconscious of the reason of the assembling of their guests in their drawing-room, the butler, much to their surprise, now announces it, and all forthwith adjourn down-stairs to partake of the repast. This does not take long, and the guests, the matter still being unexplained to them, and, rather resenting the fare that has been provided for them, depart early, taking their leave more or less abruptly. Your aunt and uncle being at last left alone, though still profoundly puzzled at the whole proceeding, are bound to admit that, although they have not done it exactly in the style they would wish, they have most undeniably given a *quite impromptu little dinner*.

A FRAGMENT FROM A ROMANCE—A SUGGESTION FOR SCARBOROUGH.

HE was followed everywhere! At last it became unbearable. He resolved that, come what would, to learn his fate. He turned round sharply by the sad sea waves, and faced them. For a moment they shrank back abashed.

"What do you want?" he asked, sternly.

There was a dead silence! Then one of them, extending a bronzed hand, cried, in an appealing voice,—

"A penny, good Sir—a penny!"

His eyes flashed fire, and he indignantly refused the boon.

"A penny, good Sir—a penny!" they repeated, with increased importunity.

Then he hurled at them a defiance.

"If you are not off at once, I will give you into the custody of the Police!"

With an unearthly yell, they threw up their arms, and, taking to their heels, disappeared for ever!!

THE PLEASANT WAYS OF GLORY.

LORD WOLSELEY, when recently giving his evidence before the Army Estimates Committee, admitting that while an English Major-General of Brigade received £1279 per annum, an officer of corresponding rank in the German Army drew only £700, seemed inclined to defend the anomaly on the plea that what was expected socially of the former in this country would not enable him to do it for a lower figure. Indeed the distinguished witness went further than this. Alleging that the rates of pay for regimental officers were fixed at a time when men purchased their commissions, he proceeded to admit that this same time was one



"List, List, oh List!"

when the Army was looked on as a profession into which men went very much for their amusement, for which they paid partly themselves. Quite so.

But with all respect for the opinion of "Our Only General" it may surely be pointed out, that whereas now the Army is decidedly not a profession into which men go "only for their amusement," it need not follow that the traditions of expensive living formerly regarded as its inevitable social concomitant must be accepted as an official necessity from which there is no means of escape or evasion. Yet that some sort of idea of the kind prevails, and is generally accepted as a palpable though unpalatable fact, there cannot be any doubt. No subaltern can live on his pay, nor is he expected to. Indeed, every obstacle is put in his way to prevent him.

Plain Dick and HARRY, as soon as they are out of Woolwich or Sandhurst, and who in many cases have sat down at home in perfect contentment to the family dinner on cold mutton, find themselves suddenly waited upon by flunkies in plush breeches, and living *en prince*, surrounded by all the luxury and comfort of a well-appointed London Club. There is no getting out of the expenditure, and the subaltern's pay is, as a matter of course, immediately swamped. And the evil seems to permeate the whole system, for the officers of higher rank appear to be no better off. Lord WOLSELEY alleging that he had known men who had refused commands because they were expected to entertain the whole neighbourhood, and could not in consequence cover their expenses out of the pay they received.

In fact, the life of the British officer, as thus revealed, seems to resolve itself into a prolonged struggle to keep up a false position on insufficient means. And at present there seems but little hope of any remedy. For when we have only about two hundred of the new guns ready, and two thousand are required, and when our foreign stations, wanting an equal number, are supplied as yet only with twenty, and whilst the non-commissioned officers and men in the British cavalry number 18,500, and the horses to mount them only reach the figure of 11,800, to say nothing of departmental shortcomings and blunders cropping up daily on all sides, it seems almost futile to raise a fresh cry about such comparative trifles as heavy mess bills and excessive regimental expenditure.

Still, when the lively difficulties and dangers that at the present moment threaten the Army have been in some measure lightened and alleviated, it might be worth the while of Our Only General to try to set on foot some reform that would teach the British Officer that, to place before himself a simpler standard of living, and one more compatible with his means, would in no way derogate from his claim to be considered an English Gentleman.

THE BEE AND THE HONEYMOON.—The wedding-dress of the Princess LÉITIA, who is shortly to be married to her uncle, the Duke of AOSTA, is to be embroidered with Bees, the emblem of the House of BONAPARTE. No doubt the "going away" costume of this young lady, who has made so singular a choice in the selection of a husband, will also include a bee—in her bonnet!

THE TRIUMPH OF CAPITAL.

AN ODE.

(Picked up at the Crystal Palace, after the National Co-operative Festival, August 18, 1888; and presumed to be intended as a sort of poetic counterblast, from another point of view, to Mr. Lewis Morris's optimistic Ode, "The Triumph of Labour," sung by 4000 Voices on that occasion.)

COME, let us sing together an old song,
The triumph of the truly strong.
The victories of Gold we celebrate.
Our Mammon still is great.
Let us our chuckling voices tune to praise,
Come, let us sing together the old and joyous song!

Who threatens to emancipate the clown?
Free workmen from their master's frown?
We wish them joy of their preposterous task.
Mammon may wear a mask,
Of too bold flaunting of his gains afraid,
But still the Sons of Toil are Slaves of Trade.
Interests, in union strong, the workers' claim disown.

There is a strife not fought with sword or gun,
Where, 'midst smug Peace, War's wrong is done;
Still, face to face, in hostile camp they stand,—
Capital, Labour's band,—
The rich man holds his own with smiling ease,
And if sham peans do the poor man please,
Let the fools tootle; it is rare good fun.

"Time's curse is almost done"? Nay, friend, not yet,
Whilst grabbers grab, and sweaters sweat,
Optimist bards may pipe the pastoral reed;
Pan-pipes won't soften Greed.
Were workers really "strong through brotherhood,"
Panic would swiftly spread through Mammon's brood;
But, spite of poet's song, there's little danger yet.

Pooh! Let them pipe, and for one day rejoice;
Let maudlin Morans give them voice;
We know that what has been, is, and shall be.
LEWIS, your fiddle-de-dee
Of optimistic Odes won't give Man power.
Eh? "Peaceful union bloom a perfect flower"?
Nay; much more like a "plant," for all their noise.

Co-operant donkeys bray forth solemn mirth;
Ours is the fulness of the Earth,
Culled by strong hands, whose labour magnifies
The harvest that we prize.
Look round! and see how rich that harvest grows!
Whilst we've Wealth's golden fruit and Pleasure's rose,
Labour's last "triumph," bard, though loud, is little worth.

See how around the slums the cellars fill
With triumphs of the Sweater's skill;
"The man's strong work, the woman's deft and fine,"
To swell our hoards combine.
See them sit pinched and pallid, dull and dumb;
In that strange den, that's dubbed an English home,
E'en children work; play their poor mouths won't fill.

Therefore let Toil make merry, and seem glad;
The vision need not make us sad;
We, in Wealth's wider, stronger brotherhood,
Cling close, for our own good.
We sing the only bond that really binds,
God Mammon's golden link. Wealth little minds
The thing poor fools call "Union,"—they are mad.
And we—we sing together our old and joyous song!

QUITE BRADLAUGHABLE.—An evening paper observes, "that while Christians orthodox and heterodox are ready with their millions to endow churches, there does not seem to be a single wealthy unbeliever who is willing to endow Mr. BRADLAUGH, or even to rescue him from the debts by which he is embarrassed." Of course, as the Junior Member for Northampton is a person of ability, this is very very sad; but as the Agnostic by his name announces that he "knows nothing," it is not altogether strange that he should avowedly remain in ignorance of the requirements of his distinguished, but alas, unfortunate co-anti-religionist. Mr. BRADLAUGH may be a big gun in his own circle, but, when the hat goes round, he is not likely to provoke quite as much enthusiasm as an eminent ecclesiastic—say, as a Canon of a cathedral.



OUT OF TOWN.

(UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.)

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM NUPKINS (AND FAMILY) ARE SPENDING THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

"MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS."

(New Version of an Old Song.)

Mr. P.—*L. sings:—*

My heart's in the Highlands; it long has been here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer.
 The hills of ould Erin are greener, I know,
 But for sport, at this moment, they're plainly no go.

My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

This is clearly the place for this species of game.
 Here I think I may manage to track and take aim.
 'Tis a monster, and proud of its high-antlered crown;
 But just give me a chance, and I'll yet bring it down.

My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

My heart's in the Highlands. Great GLADDEY is clear
 That if I've a chance of success, it is here.
 He knows the ground well, and he wishes me luck.
 Well, I wish it were night, and the quarry well struck!

My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

I shall manage a pop at you yet, please the pigs!
 Though I do feel a little bit like poor old Briggs:
 My elbows so ache, and my knees are so sore:
 Still I'm bound so stalk on, though it's rather a bore.

My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

They didn't expect me—those Cockneys did not—
 To come out as a crack Caledonian shot.
 Goschen's swaggering challenge of course was mere bluff.
 Horroo!!! Yet I wish that these rocks were less rough.

My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

Yes, my heart's in the Highlands,—but so are my legs,
 Which are stiff at this moment as two timber pegs.
 But oh, just to hear a swift bullet go cr-r-rauch
 Through yon animal's back-bone, or into its haunch!

My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

How little they like me, the Sassenach lot!
 A sleuth-hound's slow patience, *plus* skill as a shot,
 Are needful for stalking a quarry like yon.
 Well, a lesson we'll learn ere all here is done.

My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

All hail to the Highlands! All hail to the North!
 The home-land of WILLIAM, the country of worth!
 And if to yon brute its quietus I give,
 I'll shout for Auld Scotland as long as I live.

My heart's in the Highlands—that is to say, *here*—
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer.
 Believe, "brither Scots,"—I assure you 'tis so,—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go!

A GOOD JOKE (FOR CLIENTS) FROM THE LAW COURTS.

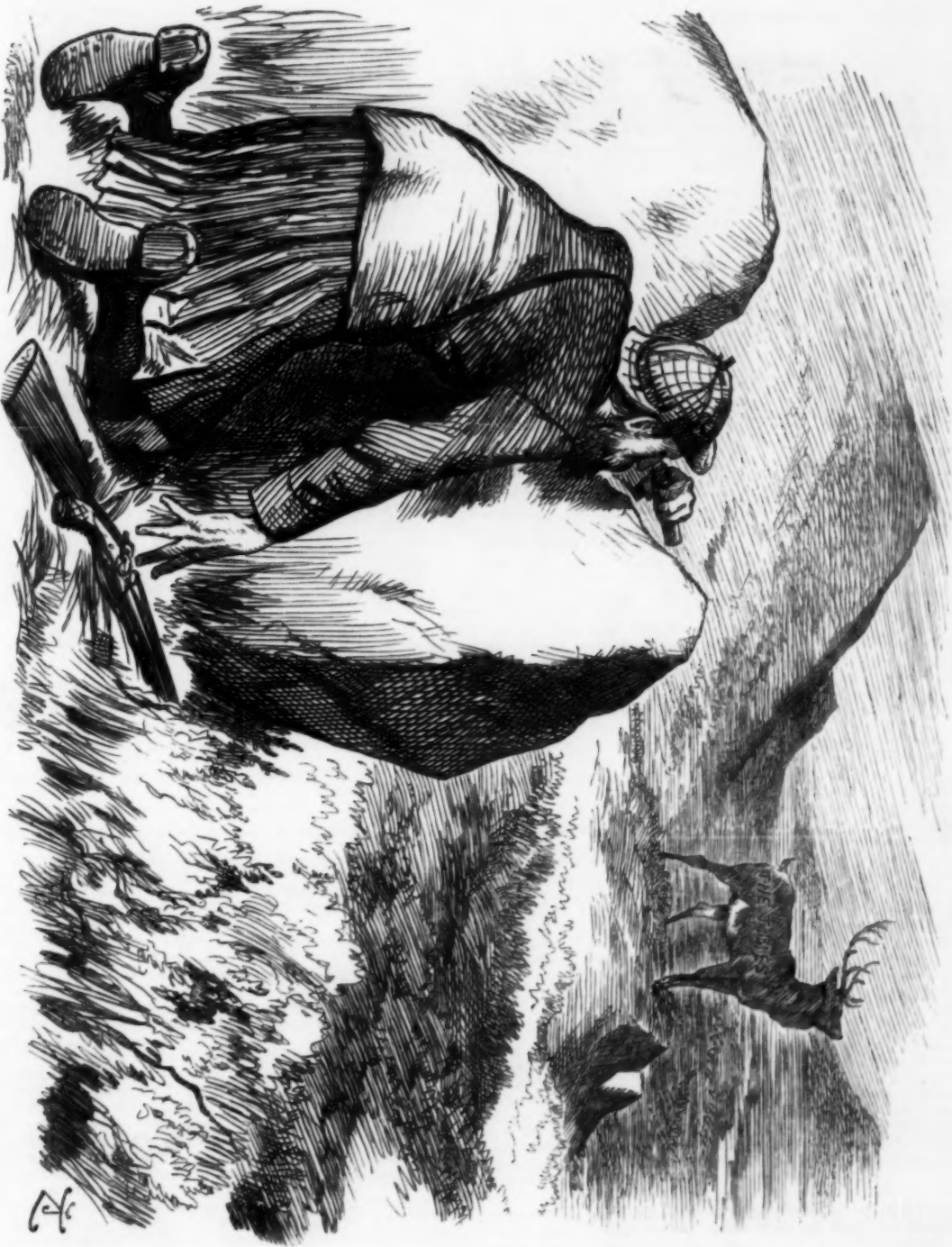
HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE, CHANCERY DIVISION.

Counsel (addressing Vacation Judge). My Lud, in this case I appear to ask your Ludship for leave to have a petition to wind up a Company answered at an early date. Under a special Act of Parliament passed on the 13th of August, 1888, the Court has jurisdiction to wind up this Company under the provisions of the Companies Acts.

Learned Judge. I wish it to be known by the Bar that Judges who sit in the Vacation have no knowledge of recent Acts of Parliament. Some order has deprived the Judges of notice of Acts of Parliament formerly sent them. I cannot accept notice by hearsay. Let the petition go into the general list.

Counsel. Very well, my Lud. But—*Learned Judge.* Extremely sorry. Call the next action!

HARNESSED TO A NIGHTMARE.—It appears, from a letter of Sir WILLIAM FRASER to a contemporary, that the Duchess of RICHMOND's ball at Brussels, on the eve of Waterloo, was given in a coach-house. Thus the identity of the site of this rather gruesome entertainment no longer remains without a stable foundation.



“MY HEART’S IN THE HIGHLANDS!”

MR. PUNCH.—“I CAN GET AT HIM BETTER FROM HERE!”

THE HISTORY OF THE





A LITTLE HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND.

Energetic Friend. "NOW, JACK, STOP WHERE YOU ARE, AND YOU'LL GET A SPLENDID SHOT IN HALF-AN-HOUR OR SO!"

[Jack is thinking that by that time it will be dark, and then what's to be done?]

FOR NOW IT IS SEPTEMBER!

SCENE—Sanctum of a Daily Paper.

Editor and Faithful Contributor discovered in consultation.

Editor. I am afraid that Bethlehem Hospital, Marriage, Smoking, and the Irish Exhibition, are used up.

Faithful Contributor. Surely, not quite. For instance, about the last. Couldn't I write indignantly about the Cork Band under the signature of a Field Officer's Widow?

Ed. Scarcely. The musicians, who had not progressed sufficiently far in their art to play the "National Anthem," will have gone back to Ireland before we shall have had time to get published.

F. C. Might I not remind the G. O. M. that once he liked Marmalade better than Jam, and quote from *Hansard* to prove it, eh?

Ed. Fancy people are growing rather tired of these raked-up little inaccuracies of the Ex-Premier.

F. C. Could I do anything in the Matrimonial line?

Ed. I am afraid not. You see you have already written as "A Mother of Six Daughters," "Little Toddlekins," "An Engaged Young Man," "Nellie," "A Retired Physician," "A Sensible English Girl," and "Anti-Latch-key," and are getting rather monotonous. Can't you think of something new?

F. C. Well, there is the British Museum. They say that the Reading Room is full to overflowing with people who come there only for recreation.

Ed. Why shouldn't they? If anyone is to be excluded, why not the professional bookmaker who lives on scissors and paste? Besides who cares for the contents of the British Museum? Far too valuable and useful to attract attention. Now, if anyone had been interfering with the pigeons or the drinking-fountain outside the entrance, that would be quite a different matter. No, we must get something else.

F. C. The Bakers seem to have a grievance.

Ed. So long as the British Public has rolls for breakfast, they can

grieve. If it were a question of adulteration, that would put a new complexion on the case. And even that subject would sure to end in a gratis advertisement for Somebody's Patent Home-Made Loaves. Try again.

F. C. Lord WOLSELEY is going to live at Greenwich. Can't we say anything about that?

Ed. Only that he will have increased facilities for taking shrimps with his tea.

F. C. The Scotch Express—

Ed. Is to race no more, but to travel at the leisurely rate that we love so much—on paper!

F. C. Anything at the theatres? Barring PENLEY, the new entertainment at the Comedy is the reverse of novel.

Ed. Oh, I think we may leave the Drama alone at this season of the year. Nobody expects anything notable until the middle of September.

F. C. Foreign affairs?

Ed. Sick of them. Besides, there aren't any. Same old story. BISMARCK mysterious, and BOULANGER blatant. Two B.'s might suggest industry, but, on the whole, they don't.

F. C. Well, then, what *shall* I write about?

Ed. Don't know, I am sure. What you like.

F. C. What do you say to GLADSTONE and Lucrative Strawberries?

Ed. GLADSTONE and Gigantic Gooseberries would be more appropriate to the season of the year; but do what you please.

F. C. And can't I have another dash at "How to Prevent Sleeplessness?"

Ed. Well, no. I think our readers will be able to discover a cure for insomnia for themselves!

[Scene closes in amidst sounds of slumber.]

A WORD ON BEHALF OF A PERSECUTED RACE.

WHAT a blessing is a sympathising Mother-in-Law! How beautifully she rounds off all the sharp corners of life's right-angles. And when, as in my case, she happens to be blessed with a large amount of exquisite literary taste, accompanied with a devotion to truthfulness that nothing can shake, where could a confiding Son-in-Law look for a more perfect treasure?

We have been spending a few days at Eastbourne, my Wife, my Mother-in-Law, my Brother-in-Law, ALFRED, and myself. My Wife being an invalid, and ALFRED being fond of sailing, which I emphatically am not, Mother-in-Law accompanies me in my daily stroll, and I find her quite a model companion. Being of what is called, I believe, a literary turn, I sometimes, on these occasions, try my feeble wing, and soar into the loftiest regions of imagination. It is on these occasions that I find the honest candour of my companion so advantageous. For instance, now, we strolled the other day, despite the merry East Wind, as CHARLES KINGSLEY used to call it,—poetically, of course, for practically, I must confess that I cursed and swore at it nearly all the way home, of course, *sotto voce*, as they say at the Opera,—to Beechey Head. I never, by the bye, remember who BEECHEY was, probably, as I wittily suggested to Mother-in-Law, a distant connection of Sir HIGH BEECH, a Lord of the Manor of Epping Forest, judging by the size of his Head, at which she laughed so merrily that I promised that we should have a Pic-nic there next summer. We strolled about till near sunset, and then turned homeward, when my companion, seeing my ardent look fixed upon the restless sea, asked me what I saw? Without a word of reply I sank down upon the chilly turf, and taking out my pocket-book, I pencilled down, in less than a quarter of an hour, the following thrilling *impromptu*:—

"How the sun shimmers upon Beechey's Head!

While the pale twilight bubbles on the sea!

Hark to the echo of the Coast Guard's tread,

Whose telescopic glance oft sweeps the sea!"

I almost blushed as I placed the manuscript in her hand, and I eagerly watched to see what effect it produced upon that candid and truthful relative. "She read it twice, she read it thrice," as TENNYSON sings, and then taking both my hands in hers, she said, looking full into my eyes, "JOHN, I could not have believed it, had I not witnessed it; why this one stanza contains, not only the exquisite music of SHELLEY, but also the noble realism of BROWNING, and both are combined to make up a picture that will stamp itself for ever on my fond memory."

Who can wonder that on that eventful evening I at length consented that dear ALFRED should reside with us until his Mother could make other arrangements for him.

J. LATOUE.

NEW NAME FOR THE AGRICULTURAL FOLLOWERS OF THE G. O. M.
—Men of Strawberries.



THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

"I SAY, BROWN, LET'S TRY AND GET INTO THE SAME MOURNING-COACH AS MAJOR BARDOLFE. HE ALWAYS COMES OUT SO JOLLY ON THESE OCCASIONS!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

August 11.—Although it is a serious matter having our boy LUPIN on our hands, still, it is satisfactory to know he was asked to resign from the Bank, simply because "he took no interest in his work, and always arrived an hour (sometimes two hours) late." We can all start off on Monday to Broadsteps with a light heart, though nearly half my allotted fortnight's holiday has been wasted in correspondence with the Manager of the Bank at Oldham.

August 13.—Hurrah! at Broadsteps. Very nice apartments near the station. On the cliff they would have been double the price. The landlady had a nice five o'clock dinner and tea ready, which we all enjoyed, though LUPIN seemed fastidious because there happened to be a fly in the butter. It was very wet in the evening for which I was thankful, as it was a good excuse for going to bed early. LUPIN said he would sit up and read a bit.

August 14.—I was a little annoyed to find LUPIN, instead of reading last night, had gone to a common sort of entertainment, given at the Assembly Rooms. I expressed my opinion that such performances were unworthy of respectable patronage, but he replied, "Oh, it was only 'for one night only.' I had a fit of the blues come on, and thought I would go to see POLLY PRESSWELL, England's Particular Spark." I told him I was proud to say I had never heard of her. CARRIE said, "Do let the boy alone. He's quite old enough to take care of himself, and won't forget he's a gentleman. Remember you were young once yourself." Rained all day hard, but LUPIN would go out.

August 15.—Cleared up a bit, so we all took the train to Bargate, and the first person we met on the jetty was GOWING. I said, "Hullo! I thought you had gone to Barmouth with your Birmingham friends?" He said, "Yes, but young PETER LAWRENCE was so ill, they postponed their visit, so I came down here. You know the CUMMINGS' are here too?" CARRIE said, "Oh, that will be delightful—we must have some evenings together and have games." I introduced LUPIN, saying, "You will be pleased to find we have our dear boy at home!" GOWING said, "How's that? You don't mean to say he's left the Bank?" I changed the subject quickly, and thereby avoided any of those awkward questions which GOWING always has a knack of asking.

August 16.—LUPIN positively refused to walk down the Parade with me because I was wearing my new straw helmet with my frock coat. I don't know what the boy is coming to.

August 17.—LUPIN not falling in with our views, CARRIE and I went for a sail. It was a relief to be with her alone, for when LUPIN irritates me, she always sides with him. On our return, he said, "Oh, you've been on the 'Shilling Emetic,' have you? You'll come to six-pennorth on the 'Liver Jerker' next." I presume he meant a tricycle, but I affected not to understand him.

August 18.—GOWING and CUMMINGS walked over to arrange an evening at Bargate. It being wet, GOWING asked CUMMINGS to accompany him to the hotel and have a game of billiards, knowing I never play, and in fact disapprove of the game. CUMMINGS said he must hasten back to Bargate; whereupon LUPIN, to my horror, said, "I'll give you a game, GOWING—a hundred up. A walk round the cloth will give me an appetite for dinner." I said, "Perhaps Mister GOWING does not care to play with boys." GOWING surprised me by saying, "Oh yes, I do, if they play well," and they walked off together.

August 19 (Sunday).—I was about to read LUPIN a sermon on smoking (which he indulges in violently) and billiards, but he put on his hat and walked out. CARRIE then read me a long sermon on the palpable inadvisability of treating LUPIN as if he were a mere child. I felt she was somewhat right, so in the evening I offered him a cigar. He seemed pleased, but, after a few whiffs, said, "This is a good old tup'ny—try one of mine," and he handed me a cigar long enough almost to put in the umbrella rack.

August 20.—I am glad our last day at the seaside was fine, though clouded overhead. We went over to CUMMINGS' (at Bargate) in the evening, and as it was cold, we stayed in and played games; GOWING, as usual, overstepping the mark. He suggested we should play "Cutlets," a game we never heard of. He sat on a chair, and asked CARRIE to sit on his lap, an invitation which dear CARRIE rightly declined. After some species of wrangling, I sat on GOWING's knees and CARRIE sat on the edge of mine. LUPIN sat on the edge of CARRIE's lap, then CUMMINGS on LUPIN's, and Mrs. CUMMINGS on her husband's. We looked very ridiculous, and laughed a good deal. GOWING then said, "Are you a believer in the Great Mogul?" We had to answer all together, "Yes—oh, yes," (three times). GOWING said, "So am I," and suddenly got up. The result of this stupid joke was that we all fell on the ground, and poor CARRIE banged her head against the corner of the fender. Mrs. CUMMINGS put some vinegar on, but through this we missed the last train, and had to drive back to Broadsteps, which cost me seven-and-sixpence.

RAILWAY READING.

THE IDEAL, ACCORDING TO SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

SCENE—Platform Book-stall. Stall-keeper discovered. Passenger (entering leisurely). Can you recommend anything?

Stall-keeper (after consideration). Well, Sir, if your journey is a long one, would not ALLISON'S *History of Europe*, or GIBSON'S *Decline and Fall* suit you?

Passenger. I thank you, but I think something lighter would please me better. I am leaving busy toiling London, in search of leisure—recreation.

Stall-keeper. Then, perchance, the poet's song would please you. We have *Paradise Lost*, that mighty work of mighty MILTON. Or, should you prefer the Drama's claims, here is SHAKESPEARE, in twelve handy folios.

Passenger. Nay, I know MILTON and the Bard of Avon by heart. I would give prose romance a turn.

Stall-keeper. Well, then, Sir, I can recommend an edition, fully illustrated, of that great Wizard of the North, Sir WALTER SCOTT; or prefer you something still more modern? We have the *History of Lord MACAULAY*, which, they tell me, is quite a romance.

Passenger (smiling). I see you are fond of quaint conceits; but have you no modern novels?

Stall-keeper. Ay! Indeed, we have, Sir! The works of GEORGE ELLIOT and of THACKERAY.

Passenger (hesitating). And yet I know not how to choose with such a goodly feast before me. Let me see.

Porter (approaching). Please, Sir, you have missed your train. [Passenger expresses annoyance, as the

Scene closes.

THE REAL, ACCORDING TO THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

SCENE—Platform Book-stall. Stall-keeper discovered. Passenger (entering hurriedly). Can you recommend anything?

Stall-keeper (promptly). Yes, Sir. *Dead Beat*. The latest thrilling shocker.

Passenger. All right! That'll do. [Buys it.]

Porter (approaching). Just in time for your train, Sir. [Passenger expresses satisfaction as the Scene closes.]

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 13.



LIKA JOKO GOES YOTTIN.

A LONG VACATION STORY, BY A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

You must know that my Chambers are not entirely my own. As a matter of fact, I occupy personally a circular window divided into compartments and shut in with a green baize curtain from a room of larger proportions (belonging to another tenant), through which I have to pass before I reach my own well-ventilated sanctum. The other tenant and I take about a fourth of the complete suite, the remainder being rented principally by BANDSMAN, the eminent leader of the South Northern Circuit. To tell the truth,

we are rather proud of "keeping" (as they say at Cambridge) with BANDSMAN, as we hope to gather some of the briefs that may fall from the great man's writing-desk. I have a very slight acquaintance with him personally, my conversations with him having been composed chiefly of "Good morning" or "Good evening" passed to one another on our meeting in the passage common to both our rooms. However, of course I know him very well by sight, and have noticed that he is a severely precise, neat, and quiet kind of man. I have heard that he intends some day to be Lord Chancellor, and is now, so to speak, in training for that dignified position. My excellent and

admirable clerk, PORTINGTON, who, as a rule, is no great respecter of persons, always talks of BANDSMAN with bated breath, and rushes forward to open the outer door when the great man prepares to leave the Chambers. It is necessary to explain this, and further to add, that with the good-fellowship habitual to men occupying the same Chambers, by an unwritten law we are permitted to use one another's rooms in the absence of their proper proprietors. My own particular room is popularly supposed by those of my unprofessional friends who occasionally honour me with a visit, to be the cupboard, in which I keep my wig and gown, when not arguing abstruse points of law with the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, the MASTER of the ROLLS, and other learned personages. From this it will be seen that BANDSMAN's apartment is far more imposing than my own.

Some little while ago I had reason to believe that I might receive certain Vacation business from a Solicitor who had been kind enough to say that he considered himself under an obligation to me (I had bailed him out when he had been arrested at two o'clock in the morning while attempting to let himself in with a corkscrew, which it appears he had mistaken for his own latch-key), and consequently I had warned PORTINGTON that should any client ask for me it would be as well if he showed him into the rooms of my co-chamberman, Mr. BANDSMAN.

"He is rather eccentric," I had said, on bidding my excellent and admirable Clerk adieu, "and may possibly be a little excited when he calls; so merely show him in, and do not disturb him if he goes to sleep." PORTINGTON bowed, and said that he quite understood the situation. On the following morning as I was entering my Chambers I was met by an American acquaintance, for whom I have a very deep respect, but who is not entirely accustomed to the staid ways of what he calls this "played-out old country." He button-holed me, and told me that he had been looking out for the London friend of a friend of his in the States. He could not find the said London friend, so now was hunting for the said friend's children.

"My friend's friend's name was SMITH,—ROBERT SMITH," he observed. "He was living in 1824. That is so. I have advertised for his descendants, if any. If you hear from any of them, why just you let me know."

"My dear fellow," I replied, "I shall be only too delighted if I can be of any service to you. But surely it's a little vague—"

"Not at all! A card will do anything in the States. Why not here? I have put your name and address to the advertisement. Yes, Sirree. So if you hear from any of them, why just you write to 'Poste Restante, Rome,' where I am due the day after to-morrow. Good-bye!"

And before I could say anything in response, he had seized my hand, wrung it heartily, hastily jumped into a hansom cab, and was being driven at a gallop towards the Victoria Railway Station.

A little flurried by this rather unexpected encounter, I paused a few moments to regain my composure, and then entered my Chambers.

"He's come, Sir," said PORTINGTON, as I walked in, "and I have shown him into Mr. BANDSMAN's room. He's rather a rum 'un, Sir; but I suppose it is all right. But you won't be long, I hope, Sir, as Mr. BANDSMAN's Clerk tells me that Mr. BANDSMAN is coming up to town at two o'clock, and will want to use his room for several consultations that can't wait until the end of the Vacation."

"Oh, certainly, PORTINGTON," I replied. "No doubt I shall not require the room for more than half an hour."

Upon this I assumed my best manner (I usually adopt a cheery and genial air when dealing with clients—it puts them at their ease), and entered the apartment in which my anticipated acquaintance was seated, and greeted him with great cordiality.

"Delighted to see you, my dear Sir," I exclaimed—and then I stopped. To my astonishment I found, instead of my expected visitor a rough-looking person in a velvet coat and a fur cap, with a newspaper in his right hand, and a thick short stick in the other.

"Ax your parding, Guvnor," said this person, with rather a threatening air, "but I've come about this 'ere advertisement."

He handed me the newspaper with a marked passage in the second column of the front page.

"You are BRIEFLESS, ain't you?" he asked, roughly. I nodded, and glanced at the marked passage. To my horror I found it was a request that all persons claiming relationship with a ROBERT SMITH, living in 1820, should call upon me at my Chambers, when they "would hear of something to their advantage."

"Now," said the person, looking at his stick, "I ain't going for to stand no nonsense. I've wasted 'arf a day 'ere, 'cos I turned up before the doors was opened. Bob SMITH was my uncle. What's the summat I'm going for to 'ear to my advantage?"

I really did not know what to say or do. I could not help feeling greatly annoyed at my American acquaintance's thoughtless impetuosity.

"So you are old Bob SMITH's descendant, are you, my worthy fellow?" I exclaimed, with a heartiness I was far from feeling.

"None of your gammon," he replied, roughly; "but stump up

now you knows my rights. Cos why—if you don't stump up it won't be pleasant for you."

Greatly upset by his threatening demeanour, I was about to remonstrate, when PORTINGTON ushered in two more rough-looking persons and three muscular females. The five additions to our little circle produced as many marked newspapers, and immediately called my attention to what they described as their "rights."

"My worthy people," I began, "I fear there must be some mistake."

They anathematised the suggestion, and all six of them advanced towards me with a demeanour that made me devoutly wish that we had included a police-constable on the strength of our clerical establishment. I saw that I must temporise.

"My good friends, I was a little unprepared for your visit, but if you will wait here a few minutes, I think I can satisfy you. And now I will retire."

The rough-looking men were inclined to bar my exit, but the three females, with the observation "that anyone could see as I was a gentleman as meant to be 'ave as a gentleman," suggested that I should be allowed to go on the understanding that I returned in five minutes with the "summat" I had presumed promised to give them.

The men accorded a grudging consent, and I walked away. Once outside, with a hurried remark to PORTINGTON that I might not return until the commencement of Term, I left my Chambers.

Later in the day I passed Pumphandle Court, and from a loud altercation I heard going on within (in which I distinctly recognised the voice of BANDSMAN raised in angry expostulation), I much fear that my unwelcome visitors (who seemed to be still in possession), had seriously interfered with the serenity that usually is the characteristic of my eminent co-Chamberman's important consultations.

IS SMOKING A FAILURE?

SIR,—I have not the least doubt that the discovery made by MEDICUS, dating from the Middlesex Hospital, that smoking Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes is most injurious to health, is absolutely correct. I have often wondered why it is that I feel so uncommonly queer after dinner; now at last the mystery is explained. It is all due to the "Wady Halfa Paragons" that I have been in the habit of smoking, but which I shall now abjure in favour of a pipe and some extra strong Virginia shag. I assure you that often and often I have felt just as if my throat were on fire, and have habitually gone to bed in my boots, awaking the next morning with a perfectly splitting headache. Yet I have been most moderate in eating, and have steadily limited my drinking to two bottles of Tokay and half a bottle of Scotch whiskey per evening, which surely nobody can call an excessive supply. Some ridiculous friends have insisted that I am suffering from alcoholic poisoning, and have induced me to try this retreat, kept—I fancy—by a medical chum of their own; but you can judge how mistaken the treatment here is when I say that I am limited to two glasses of weak "Vin Ordinaire" a day, while the presiding physician does not care in the least how many noxious and poisonous cigarettes I indulge in. Need I say that, after these awful revelations of MEDICUS, I have given a weekly notice of my intention to leave this retreat—"beat a retreat." I may perhaps call it—and resume my old modes of life, minus my old penchant for cigarettes, but plus pipes and cigars, ad lib.?



Beer or Bier—The Smoker's Mixture.

Yours, eye-openedly,
A TOFER.

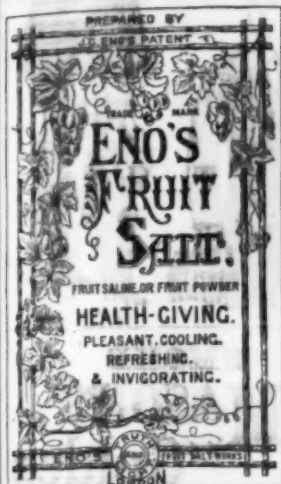
The Home for Inebriates, Lostwittles, Cornwall.

SIR,—my mucous membrane is in an awful condition! Do you know what it is to have a couple of Doctors exploring your larynx for three hours, as if it were a part of the Dark Continent? I do. They say that my laryngeal regions—by which I think they mean my throat, only a natural delicacy prevents them putting it so plainly—affords a most interesting study, because in all their experience they have never seen anything look half so bad! This is comforting to me. Now, after MEDICUS's disclosures as to the horrible "unclassified alkaloid poison" in Egyptian cigarettes, I cannot have a doubt where my illness has come from. Where it will go to, time and my Doctors will have to decide between them. And then for MEDICUS calmly to confess that the alkaloid poison is "unclassified!" I don't feel, however, as if it would do my "laryngeal regions" much good even if it were classified.

Yours, mucussedly, A DABBLER IN EGYPTIANS.

P.S.—A sanitary expert has just told us that our house happens to be planted over an old cesspool, and that all the domestic pipes connect directly with it. Possibly, after all, the alkaloid is not so guilty as we thought.

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.



"Among the most useful medicines that have been introduced within the last century is **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease, it has, in many instances, prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness. The effect of **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is marvellous. As a nursery medicine the **'FRUIT SALT'** is invaluable; instead of children disliking it, they look upon it rather in the light of a luxury. As a gentle aperient and a corrective in cases of any sort of over-indulgence in eating or drinking, **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** is all that is needful to restore freshness and vigour. In cases of Nervous Headache and Debility it is especially useful, and should be taken in all cases where persons suffer from a sluggish condition of the Liver."—*Young Ladies Journal*.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—We, the undersigned, have for the last four years used your **FRUIT SALT** during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of Fruit Salt had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, the undersigned have used the Fruit Salt two and three times a day in the following manner and proportions:—At daybreak two teaspoonfuls mixed with the juice of a raw lime and a little sugar, in a tumbler of water, shortly afterwards a light meal of tea or coffee, bread, and fruit; about midday one small spoonful, with raw lime juice and water, and before retiring for the night another teaspoonful in water. The Fruit Salt used as aforesaid acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. The undersigned have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and their firm belief in its efficacy. We never go in the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LORRUS, F.R.G.S., his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVISON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.—Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.—J. C. ENO, Esq., London.

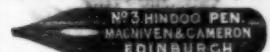
STIMULANTS and insufficient amount of exercise frequently derange the liver. **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. A world of woe is avoided by those who keep and use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**.—"All our customers for **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** would not be without it upon any consideration, they having received so much benefit from it."—WOOD BROTHERS, Chemists, Jersey, 1872.

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First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three First
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Good Spirit."—Jurors' Award, Philadelphia
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"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine
a specimen as one could wish to see."
Jurors' Award, Cork Exhibition, 1881.

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FINE, MILD, AND
DELICIOUS AND
MOST
WHOLE SOME.

THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1885.
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Get a bottle to-day of **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER**, the Oldest, Best, and most widely-known
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and all kinds of Pains and Rheumatic Pains.
Any Chemist can supply it at 1/6 and 1/3 per bottle.

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improvements (protected by Letters Patent),
which give increased Stability and greater
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If I find one the Leg. Ache at night, Your System is Weak, requires strengthening. A Sound Young will save an illness.

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